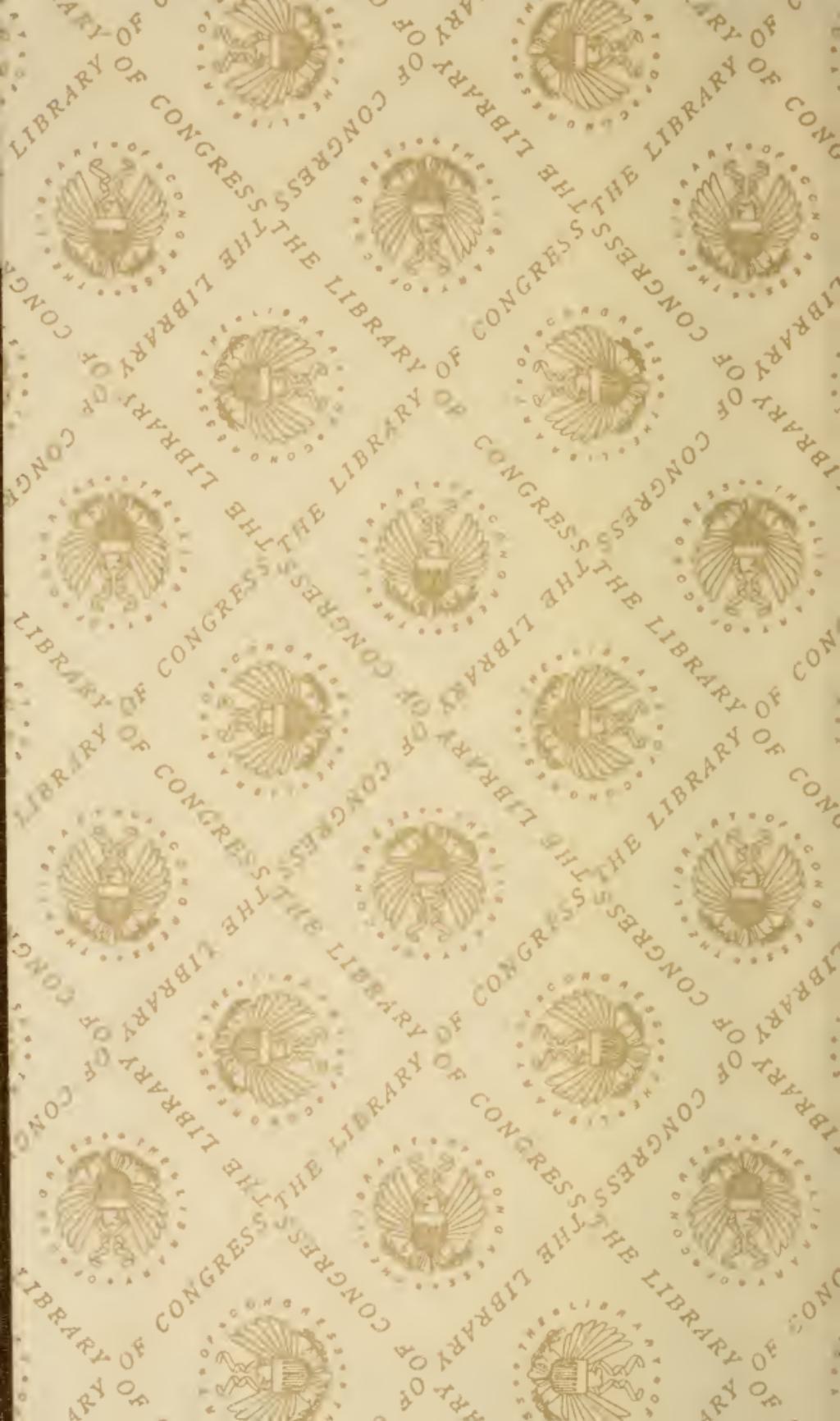


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1843





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VERSES.



VERSES

WRITTEN

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

FOR FRIENDS.

*by
William Jowett*

—O laborum

Dulce lenimen!—

LONDON: MDCCXLIII.

—
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PREFACE.

THE Title-page, brief as it is, comprehends nearly all that the Author has to say about this little Book. He was desirous to have his Portfolio cleared of Papers of long standing: and in thus putting his Verses into a permanent form, he ventures to hope, that, as they were acceptable to those for whom they were written, so they may now please a few friends more.

The Verses on the Collects are the only exception to the general title, "Written for Friends;" having been composed during a season of affliction, when the mind needed employment and alleviation of that kind.

WILLIAM JOWETT.

PENTONVILLE,
Feb. 1843.



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VERSES,

&c. &c.

YOUTH AND AGE.

To THEE, in Youth's bright morning,
FATHER of All! we pray;
While thought and fancy, dawning,
Lead on the rising day.

To THEE, in life's last even,
We'll tune our feebler breath;
Hear all our sins forgiven;
Then softly sleep in death.

1810.

THE SINNER'S CRY.



SAVIOUR, with God prevailing !
To Thee a suppliant driven,
I mourn each sin, each failing,
Unblest, and unforgiven.

On Thee my soul relying
Would still some anthem raise,
Till Thou the voice of sighing
Shalt change for endless praise.

1810.

IN SICKNESS.



BLEST Jesus, gracious Saviour,
Great Lord of all above !
Extend to me thy favour,
The gift of pardoning love.

As strength and spirits languish,
And comforts all decay,
Save, save my soul from anguish,
And wash my guilt away !

1806.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.



WHILE conscious sinners tremble
To hear the trumpet sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The Judgment-seat around :

Oh then, amid that number
May I the call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber,
To meet a glorious day !

1806.

The four preceding Hymns were written at the request of the late Rev. Dr. Jowett, to accompany some Selections made by his dear and intimate friend, the Rev. C. I. Latrobe, from the Compositions of Michael Haydn.

TO A BOTANIST.

“For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.”

ISAIAH lxi. 11.

THE tender plant, in arid soil,
Needs all our patience, all our toil.—
But when we view the lovely shoot,
Or cull the flower, or taste the fruit,
Small heart hath he that would repent,
Or deem his skill and time mis-spent.

And who, that marks the untutor'd heart
Of savage Man, when once the art
Of Heavenly Grace hath touch'd his mind,
His hopes upraised, his taste refined—
Who then would grudge the dearest cost,
Or basely deem such labour lost?

1821.

AN EAR FOR MUSIC.



CADOGAN—loved and honoured name,
Well known to Evangelic fame!—
But little skilled in Music's lore,
Once heard a friend produce his store
Of various, sweetest harmony,
Solo and chorus, song and glee;
All cull'd with nicest, Master's choice,
Lovely for instrument and voice.—
But all in vain!—With ear attent,
He heard; but knew not what it meant.
In vain each following air surpassed
The rest in sweetness:—till, at last,
Half in amazement, and half pained,
“*You have no ear!*” his friend complained.

“True your complaint;—but truer mine,”
He answer'd. “Music all divine

I have ;—but, ah ! that Heavenly strain
How oft have mortals heard in vain !
We seem to sound a lovely lute ;
Few catch the air ; applause is mute.
Can earthly song such rapture claim—
Yet none be felt at the dear Name
Of HIM, who left the courts above
That we might sing Redeeming Love ?
No harmony so sweet as this,
Theme of the realms of perfect bliss !
And yet, till Grace attune the heart
Of earth-born men, they bear no part ;
No love they yield, no melting eye,
Not the poor tribute of a sigh !
No rapturous hymns their lips employ,
To swell Heaven's universal joy.
'Tis Music of too high a sphere :
'Tis Music—but, *they have no ear !*"

The vivid emblem well express'd
Man, destitute of Heavenly taste ;
And secretly it moved my mind
To pant for pleasures so refined.

O Thou, the MASTER of the Choir,
Where spirits immortal strike the lyre,
Attune this ear ! My drowsy sense
Touch with divine intelligence !
Then shall I mingle with the song,
And wonder I was mute so long.

1821.

“A Musical Amateur of eminence, who had often observed Mr. Cadogan’s inattention to his performances, said to him, one day, “Come, I am determined to make you feel the force of Music ! Pay particular attention to this piece !” It was played :—“Well, what do you say now ?” “Why, just what I said before.” “What, can you hear this, and not be charmed ? Well ! I am quite surprised at your insensibility. *Where are your ears ?*” “Bear with me, My Lord,” replied Mr. Cadogan ; “since *I*, too, have had my surprise.—I have often, from the pulpit, set before you the most striking and affecting truths—I have sounded notes that have raised the dead—I have said, ‘*Surely* he will feel now !’—but you never seemed charmed with *my* music, though infinitely more interesting than yours. *I*, too, have been ready to say with astonishment, ‘*Where are your ears ?*’ ”

(CECIL’S *Memoirs of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan.*)

EARLY RISING.



WELCOME this sweetest hour, the prime !
Now is the calm, the holy time,
That quits us of our earthly clod,
And bids us commune with our God.

The Patriarch, at the close of day,
Went forth to meditate and pray :
'Twas at the pleasant even-tide,
He hail'd, from God, his coming bride¹.

Jesus a further pattern gave :
His work—a ruin'd world to save !—
Roused him ere yet 'twas morning light,
Or held him wakeful through the night².

See where he raised the suppliant eye,
Fill'd with the Spirit from on high ;
Nor fear'd the mountain's solitude,
While the chill air his locks bedew'd !

Now, as our Sun of Righteousness,
 In heaven he reigns, prepared to bless.—
 This breath of Morn, so still, so cool,
 Seems a sweet emblem of His rule.

Rise from the East, thou King benign !
 Scatter the darkness ; freely shine :
 Mingling thy warmth with genial dew,
 The sadden'd face of Earth renew.

He comes ! He comes ! The horizon gleams
 With brightening Evangelic beams.
 Shine onward, Lord, to perfect day,
 And never more withdraw thy ray !

MAY, 1821.

(1) “And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the even-tide : and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes ; and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel.” *Genesis xxiv. 63, 64.*

(2) “And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.”

Mark i. 35.

“And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.”

Luke vi. 12.

A KIND WISH.

—
“ MY NIECE, C. P., DESIRES “A KIND WISH” FROM HER UNCLE.
‘ SOMETHING OF THAT NATURE SHE WILL FIND IN THE FIRST
‘ PRAYER OF THE BAPTISMAL SERVICE. BUT AS SHE ASKS FOR
‘ VERSE, SHE MUST BE CONTENT WITH THE FOLLOWING.”

—

I KNEW thee, CAROLINE, when first
Thy father fixed thy name,
Ere yet thy infant mind was versed
One conscious thought to frame.

Well pleased, as Christian friends are wont,
I bore my humble part,
Kneeling at the baptismal font,
And bless'd thee in my heart.

Why then, to blot a harmless page,
Repeat that early vow ?
Must what I wish'd thy tenderer age
Breathe forth in metre now ?

Be it so, my Muse :—for one I love
Speed yet again thy wing ;
Haste, as of old the Patriarch's Dove,
Some hopeful gift to bring.

Let not on any earthly good
Thy weary foot repose ;
Where pleasure, like a turbid flood,
Deep and deceitful flows¹.

Fly fleetly o'er the waves, that moan ;
Dip not thy wing beneath ;
Rest on the Olive-branch alone,
And cull the topmost leaf.

See where the Dove returns, to seek
Rest for her wandering wings !
Weary she comes, but in her beak
Th' unfading leaf she brings².

This leaf, dear Girl, of mystic worth,
Emblem of peace Divine,
Of peace with Heaven and peace on earth,
This sacred gift be thine !

Oh let it ever on thy brow
Unchanging grace diffuse,
Memorial of that early vow
Which here my verse renews.

Welcome—nor let me wish in vain—
This Olive-leaf of Peace !
Take it, and wear it :—so remain,
My loved and loving Niece.

1822.

(¹) “But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.”—*Genesis* viii. 9.

(²) “And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive-leaf, pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.”—*Ibid.* viii. 11.

THE PLEASURE OF RECEIVING A LETTER IN
A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

TO ANOTHER NIECE.

A LETTER from a distant friend—
No matter how it may be penn'd—
Is always welcome! First, there steals
Into a heart, that warmly feels,
An innocently selfish thought,
Whisp'ring—"I am not then forgot!"
So, having gazed on the direction,
We break the seal. Oh, what affection
Glows through the bosom, while th' eyes ramble
With eager haste o'er the preamble
Of date, and place, and—"Dearest Friend"—
Hurrying from th' beginning to the end.
Then, having tasted the delight—
Sometimes the sweetest—of first sight,

And skimm'd such news as letters tell—
That all are where they were—and well,
Removed, or wedded ; grieved, or glad—
Or no news—better far than bad—
From gay Imagination's riot,
The mind relapses into quiet.

Then comes the soberer joy!—I read
What my friend wrote ; and know indeed,
While every phrase and thought is spelt,
That my heart feels what his heart felt.
Each ardent wish, each kindly prayer,
His sympathy with all my care ;
Or, opening of his own concerns,
Giving and winning love by turns ;
His native sketch of home-stead scenes,
Which, while an Ocean intervenes,
My eye can never reach—but still
The heart surveys, and ever will—
Scenes rural, civic, sacred—all
Summon'd to view at Fancy's call ;—
These are the overflowing pleasures,
Which make such letters very treasures.

And when I see some well-known hand
Visit me in a foreign land,
Distance infuses double charm.—
Atlantic gales instil such balm
Into epistolary toil,
That not the groves on MALTA's soil,
Scenting the air with orange-flower,
To cheer me, can have equal power.

Thither we tend!—Sometimes remember,
In fierce July, or bleak December,
CHARLOTTE—one day at least i' th' year—
That, although distant, we are dear;
And, reading here what I rehearse,
Be it thine to verify my verse!

1822.

FAMILY CHANGES.

TO ANOTHER NIECE, E. P.

ELIZA!—thou hast bid me note the change
Which Time begins to make, in the wide range
Of our domestic circles. Well may one,
Whose sand no little interval hath run,
Since last he saw those circles, stand and muse,
To mark vicissitude in all he views:
And, if poetic art were friend to Truth,
Fit monitor were he to guide thy youth,

How passing strange, when first we touch'd this land.
And cheek was press'd to cheek, and hand to hand,
Seem'd it, to gaze upon the vigorous form,
The rip'ning intellect, and fancy warm,
Of those, whose infancy—or, in a few,
Whose youth but just commenced—was all we knew!

Less strange it was, to view maturer age
Bearing the marks of lingering pilgrimage ;
The feebler voice, and the less-piercing eye ;
Spirits more lowly, bending gradually¹.—
And we, too, brought our marvels. In his hands
Bearing a staff at first, but with two bands
The Patriarch next pass'd Jordan's sacred stream².—
So went we forth, just mated. Now, our theme,
Though humble, speaks of mercies multiplied,
Three little children clinging to our side !—
Thus time hath moved us to a higher place ;
While, 'twixt the rising and the passing race,
Midway we stand, and share on either part
Joys of the filial and parental heart.

When first I scann'd the alter'd scene, I own—
Spirits and health enfeebled in their tone—
Not all my growing comforts quite suppress'd
Some busy griefs that wrought within my breast ;
To see, as full five years had pass'd away,
How Nature hastens to her sure decay.
But, when I join'd those scenes of prayer and praise,
At which, assembled as in former days,

The wide extremes of Youth and Age combine,
Prolonging still a Service all divine,
' Something,' I felt, ' remains, that changes not !'
' Our family yet lives !' Oh, blessed lot
Is theirs, who, fix'd for ever in their sphere,
Still chaunt the anthem which they first tun'd here !—
That family increases still. They view
No parting tear, no wringing last adieu.
Their triumphs swell ;—while our poor spirits faint,
To catch the breath of each departing saint.—
And blest are we, who yet remain below ;
Whilst, looking upward from a world of woe,
We view them seated in Heaven's blissful choir !—
There rests a father³ ;—there an elder sire⁴ ;—
There many a kindred spirit of their race,
Gazing enraptured on the SAVIOUR's face.—
When down upon our earthly state they look—
If Heaven could bear the thought of a rebuke—
Methinks they almost chide our long delay,
And marvel, who below would wish to stay.

O then, ELIZA ! till the MASTER come,
Press on, to gain with them a lasting home.—

That cheering thought I leave thee. It hath power
To soothe the spirit in its saddest hour ;—
Can heal bereavement, sickness, grief and death ;
Giving a Seraph's strain to our last breath ;
Tuning to music e'en a funeral knell !—
If thus we meet again, I smile to say—

FAREWELL.

March 9, 1822.—Left London for Malta,
the second time, March 11.

(¹) Referring to my aged, widowed Mother; who thirteen years after (in June 1835) entered on her eternal rest; having a few days before completed her eighty-seventh year. During seventy of those years she had known, loved, and honoured her Saviour. Her character is seen in 1 Timothy v. 5.

(²) “With my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands.”—*Genesis xxxii. 10.*

(³) My Father, who died in the L ORD, February 21, 1800. One of his remarks on his death-bed, was, “I have often taken great delight in singing the praises of God; and have often joined with great pleasure in that chorus in the Messiah, ‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain !’—but what a glorious thing it will be to join in that chorus with all the Redeemed around the Throne !”

(⁴) My Grandfather, eminent for piety, who died in 1801, in the eighty-second year of his age.

“IT IS SWEET TO GO!”

THE WORDS UTTERED BY A COUSIN, L. G. H., A FEW MINUTES BEFORE
HER DEATH. SHE DIED NOV. 27, 1826, AGED FOURTEEN YEARS.

'Tis sweet to go!—I would not stay
For ever in this house of clay.
Here pain and languor are my lot ;
But where I go they enter not.

'Tis good to quit a world, where sin
Besets my path, and tempts within ;
To wear a robe of purity,
And see my SAVIOUR eye to eye.

It is not sweet to leave dear friends!—
My father o'er me weeping bends :
Scarcely we breathe the last adieu :—
But Heav'n shall all our joys renew !

'Tis sweet to go!—for she who bare,
And nursed, and trained me up, is there² ;
A Mother, bright as Angels be :—
Methinks she first will welcome me !

But, JESUS ! Thou art still the sum
Of all my hopes ! O bid me come !
Then—one short pang, and I shall rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR's breast !

So slept dear LUCY, early-sainted maid :
Her gentle form is in the cold earth laid.
'Twas sweet to see and love her, here below ;
But sweeter far, for her, to part from us and go !

1827.

(¹) The following is an extract from her Father's Letter to me :—
“ In one severe paroxysm of coughing, she said, ‘ Papa, I shall soon be in heaven.’ On my replying, ‘ Your sufferings are great, but I hope the Saviour will support you,’—she added, ‘ Yes, my trust is in Christ : I know whom I have believed.’ The declaration drew tears from my eyes; which she perceiving, and mistaking for indications of distress, said, ‘ Papa, you must not :—you must be comforted !’

“ She often asked me to pray with her and for her, and frequently begged me to ask for patience; expressing quite a dread of the want of submission to God’s will.

“ The following was the closing scene. In the evening, about half-past five o’clock, she said first to the Nurse, who was nearest her head,—‘ I am going :’ then, looking at me, ‘ Papa, I shall go now—It is sweet to go !’ Wanting to see if she was quite sensible, and meant that she was dying, I said, ‘ Are you going to Jesus ?’ She answered, ‘ Yes; I am going to Jesus.’ She then uttered a few indistinct sentences, and gradually sunk into the sleep of death. Her Aunt and myself were struck with the beautiful attitude of her body ; which was exactly as if bowing in the presence of the Almighty, just on her entrance into heaven.”

(²) Her Mother died at the beginning of the same year.

ALL 'S WELL !

SCENE——THE QUARANTINE HARBOUR IN MALTA ; WHERE, AFTER MY VOYAGES IN THE LEVANT, I HAVE SPENT MANY A SOLITARY HOUR, AND OFTEN HEARD THE WATCH-WORD TRAVEL ROUND THE HARBOUR IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

HARK ! 'tis the voice of the Sentinel
Drowsily passing the word—" All 's well ! "
No harm hath befallen the hour that is past,
But none can be sure how long safety may last.
Then stand to thy watch, weary Sentinel,
And cheer us again, by thy bidding—" All 's well ! "

Soon shall a comrade relieve thy post ;
Or morning shall muster the sun-beam host,
Chasing the traitor, the spy, and the foe :—
Then thy watch is ended, and thou may'st go.
But till then stand steady, good Sentinel,
And cheer up the night by thy bidding—" All 's well ! "

'Twas thus, as I press'd my sleepless pillow,
Still dizzy with heaves of the stormy billow,
Scarce 'scaped from my voyage, all weary and wet,
At MALTA, just housed in the lone Lazaret,
Yet with feelings of safety I hail'd that sound,
And joy'd that I rested on solid ground.

But what are the watchings of one short night,
Compared with the perils, the fears, and the fight
Which harrass, unceasing, the Christian's breast?
Worldlings may slumber, but he has no rest.
Life is my voyage ;——but not yet done :
Life is my battle ;——but not yet won !

Gladly, my soul, think of dangers past ;
Yet deem not of any assault as the last :
Again shalt thou start at the plottings of sin,
The Tempter without, and the traitor within.
Oh, then, Fear be my watchman, to catch the alarm ;
While Hope cheers the darkness, and Faith nerves the arm !

Yet, hark once again!—’tis the Officer nigh,
On his rounds to observe, if, with sleepless eye,
His Sentries are pacing to and fro.
Watch, upon watch!—For well we know
That Nature is feeble;—and hard ’twere to tell
How dearly they render their watch-word, “All’s well!”

Ah! were not my watching Another’s care,
Long since had I slumber’d, and ceased from prayer.
WATCHMAN OF ISRAEL, watch o’er me!
Pity, if weary and faint I be!
Wake me with new and reviving power!
Say to me—“Could’st thou not watch one hour?”

That thought, how it shames!—One hour or one day,
A year, a whole life, so brief in its stay—
Not watch, when the SAVIOUR thus proffers his aid!
Not watch, of His sudden arrival afraid!
Oh, rouse thee, my Conscience, thou worne sentinel,
And think if thou truly canst answer—“All’s well!”

Yield not thy post, though the foe seem strong ;
Faint not in heart, though the time seem long :
Like a dream shall thy perils all melt away,
When Heaven shall unfold the Eternal Day.
There watchings, and fightings, and sorrows all cease :
There, there would we be—'tis the haven of peace¹ !

1827.

(1) "Then are they glad, because they be quiet: so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—*Psalm cvii. 30.*

THE MOSCOW CHIMES.

A WELL-KNOWN AIR. THE WORDS USUALLY ACCOMPANYING IT ARE CONTAINED IN THE THREE FIRST STANZAS; TO WHICH (AS THEY APPEARED TO ME TOO MELANCHOLY) I HAVE ADDED THREE OTHERS OF A MORE CHEERFUL AND CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

‘THOSE Evening-bells, those Evening-bells !
‘How many a tale their music tells,
‘Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
‘When last I heard their soothing chime—
‘Of youth and home, &c.

‘Those joyous hours are pass’d away :
‘And many a heart, that then was gay,
‘Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
‘And hears no more those Evening-bells—
‘Within the tomb, &c.

‘ And so ’twill be when I am gone :
‘ That tuneful peal will still ring on,
‘ While other bards shall walk these dells,
‘ And sing your praise, sweet Evening-bells—
‘ While other bards, &c.’

Yet sink not, fondly pensive heart,
Though loveliest sounds of earth depart ;
Oh, heavenward let thy feelings range,
And hail with hope the glad exchange—
 Oh, heavenward let, &c.

There, thronging to the SAVIOUR’s feet,
Saints, Prophets, Martyrs, thou shalt greet :
And see how hands immortal hold
Their palms of victory, harps of gold—
 And see how hands, &c.

The music of this lower sphere
May die away from off thine ear ;
But sweeter strains shall there be found,
Where endless Hallelujahs sound—
 But sweeter strains, &c.

TO A MOTHER.

ON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST BOY; HER ELDEST GIRL HAVING
BEEN REMOVED BY DEATH THE YEAR BEFORE.

SMILE on, thou gladsome Mother!

Thy bonny infant, see!

One smile—and yet another—

He fondly asks of thee.

And as he spreads his tiny arms,

Close clinging to thy breast,

Hush far away all sad alarms

From hearts so purely blest.

Yet spare one thought for sorrow,

One thought for her that's gone! —

These joys we do but borrow,

To be repaid anon.—

And yet in griefs we may not grieve,

If all be safe above.

Then, hail the gift! —The future leave

With **HIM**, whose Name is—**LOVE**!

THE EVENING SKY.

WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY AN AIR; IN LIEU OF SOME FOOLISH LINES
THAT WERE PRINTED WITH IT.

O come, and watch the day-light close,
Weary heart and eye !
Now is the reign of calm repose :
Hail, sweet Evening Sky !
When shades draw on, and fancies creep
Athwart the peasant's brain,
Then, Heart ! thy patient vigils keep,
Till peace return again.

So come and watch the day-light close,
Weary heart and eye !
Now is the reign of calm repose :
Hail, sweet Evening-Sky !

This hour is for the chosen few,
Loved, my heart, of thee ;
On whom Heaven breathes, from lips of dew,
Softest airs that be.

The Planets in sweet concert move,
And trim their pallid fires ;
Each passing gale, around, above,
Some gentle thought inspires.

Then come and watch the day-light close,
Weary heart and eye !
Now is the reign of calm repose :
Hail, sweet Evening Sky !

1832.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE COLLECTS.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

“O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*”

DIALOGUE.

SERVANT.

A REBEL heart, My God, to Thee I bring ;
 A heart which own'd Thee for its chosen King :
 But suddenly that loyal vow it broke,
 And now it fain would quite reject Thy yoke.

THE LORD.

I know, and claim for mine, this wayward heart :
 To win it, took my utmost power and art.
 And have my gracious methods all proved vain ?
 Would the pledged servant rove at large again ?

SERVANT.

My Lord ! where joy and comfort dwelt awhile,
 Where love and order reign'd beneath thy smile,
 Now passion, folly, wilfulness, rush in,
 And stun the wretched mansion with their din.

THE LORD.

Peace to thy troubled spirit! Peace, be still!—
And now, again surrender thy strong will,
Thy heart and thine affections, purest, best:—
How else canst thou retain thy Heavenly Guest?

SERVANT.

Truth!—And “to will is present!”—but I find
“The law of sin” would fetter still my mind:—
My “inward man” delights in what is good;
But, oh! I cannot do the things I would!

THE LORD.

Is that thy grief?—Then hear, as at the first,
A voice, that saves the sinner at his worst.
Anew the pardoning love of JESUS learn:—
So oft as thou offendest, still return.

SERVANT.

But *may* I come—disorder’d, guilty, base?
May stubborn hearts still hope to feel Thy grace?—
I feel it!—Yes, I *may*!—Once more I prove
The energy of Thine all-conquering love.

THE LORD.

Pleading for life, the dying shall not die :
Praying for joy, the mourners cease to sigh :
Longing for health's return, the sickliest soul
Looks to the Cross, and quickly is made whole.

SERVANT.

Here then I build my hope ;—the ground is good ;
No fear from changeful storm or beating flood !
That pitying word, “ Be pardon'd—sin no more,”
Lightens the heaviest sorrows we deplore.

1842.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“ Lord of all power and might, who art the Author and Giver of all good things ; graft in our hearts the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*”

—
KING of Glory, Lord of Might,
Clothed in unapproached light !
Thee Thy saints with joy confess
Author of their holiness.

One with Christ, the living Vine,
Make, and keep us, wholly Thine ;
With affections fixed above,
Full of goodness, full of love.

Brighter still reveal Thy face ;
Stronger let us feel Thy grace ;—
Till we stand before Thy throne,
There to know, as we are known !

Day by day our souls be fed
With Thy Word, as living bread !
Fainting, we would still pursue,
With the glorious prize in view.

Faith in Jesu's precious blood
Thus far hath the trial stood :
Faith in this unfailing Friend
Safe shall keep us to the end !

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“LORD, we beseech thee, grant thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee the only God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*”

God, our Hope and Refuge, hear :
On thy Mercy-seat appear !
Light and grace if Thou bestow,
Where Thou leadest, we will go.

Should the powers of sin and death,
Snares of earth, or Hell beneath,
Tempt these feeble hearts to yield,
Oh be Thou our Arm and Shield !

Holy Father ! praise to Thee,
Who, through Jesu’s victory,
By the Spirit’s help, dost give
Strength to conquer sin, and live !

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“ Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people ; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*”

Rouse thee, my languid heart ;

Betake thyself to prayer !

Why from the Throne of Grace depart,

Or doubt thy welcome there ?

Go, ask in Jesu’s name ;

Plead His atoning blood ;

And every precious promise claim

Of thy Redeemer, God.

Christ is the Living Vine ;

A withering branch am I !

Spirit of Grace—the work is Thine—

Revive me, lest I die !

Canst Thou this earthly mind

With pure affections fill ?

Canst Thou these wand’ring passions bind,

And train them to thy will ?

Thy pruning hand I need,
To lay my boastings low ;—
And though the wounded branch may bleed,
More rich the fruit shall grow¹.

Then shall my glorying be
Only Thy love, My Lord :
From Thee my fruit is found² :—from Thee
The free and large reward³ !

1842.

(¹) "I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—*John xv. 1, 2.*

(²) "From me is thy fruit found."—*Hosea xiv. 8.*

(³) "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."—*John xv. 8, 9.*

THE END.

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